

## A VITAL MOMENT

By T. B. ALDERSON

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He was not the man I was after, yet I experienced a glow of satisfaction as my eyes fell upon him. It was in a slip of the San Francisco harbor, and he was working about the deck of a trim little schooner, bearing the name "Neptune." The man I had been seeking for the detective agency with which I was connected was Lyman Britt, a notorious criminal. The man before me I recognized as his close friend, Martin Brierly.

I did not think he noticed me as I strolled towards the craft, but he had, shrewd, alert character that he was, as I was to learn to my cost later. It chanced that I was acquainted with the captain of the Neptune. I went aboard, but Captain Moultrie was absent until noon. I returned to the Neptune about noon. The captain was there, received me cordially and I asked about Brierly.

"You call him Brierly," he said. "We know him as Matson, assistant to the cook. But he gave up his job two hours ago. Said a dying relative had sent for him. Paid him off, and that's all."

I doubted not now that Brierly had recognized me and had been scared away by my appearance. I wondered at his being in the humble employment of a cook, for he was not given to hard work. As an expert conner he had always been able to secure plenty of money.

"We are to carry to the island of Baranta, in the South Pacific, a new coinage for its king, amounting to something over a million," Captain Moultrie told me. "It has been bends and shells for current money there heretofore. The coin is a thin silver one of small denomination, and while they have no metals at Baranta they have plenty of diamonds, and we are to deliver the boxes of coins and receive back for The Goldsmiths Company the pay in the sparklers."

Although the suspicion that Brierly was up to something was strong in my mind, I could not connect him up in a tangible way with the same. I was considerably put out, however, in losing sight of a man who in time might aid me in finding Lyman Britt. I was gratified the following day to run across Brierly entering a drinking place. I had assumed a disguise and felt safe in mixing in with the crowd, keeping a close eye upon him.

When he left the place I shadowed him cautiously. He took a roundabout course to the waterside and went aboard a trim little craft there. I hung about the dock and observed two men finally leave the vessel. They passed me without paying any particular attention to me, but, turning quickly, knocked me senseless.

I awoke a close prisoner in a room in the hold. The craft was afloat. Water and food were brought to me for ten days. I was fed, but left to my own devices. One night I heard voices beyond my prison door. They belonged to Britt and Brierly and I was fully enlightened as to their purposes from what I caught of their conversation.

It seemed that Brierly had been a spy aboard of the Neptune to learn the details of the coin shipment. He and his confederates saw a clever opportunity to profit by what he had learned. Expert conners that they were, they had duplicated the ordered coinage, except that they had employed a cheap baser metal, and with it boxed in their hold were on their way to get first to Baranta, impose themselves as agents of The Goldsmiths Company upon its king, receive their pay, divide, and disappear. There was not the slightest prospect of escape for me. For five weeks I was kept a close prisoner. I could trace the arrival of the craft at Baranta, the unloading, a departure, and one morning was apprized by the overhead talk of two of the crew in the hold that we were at anchor at Proda, a town on the Chilean coast. The men were under the influence of liquor and one of them, unlocking the doors of several below-deck apartments, by mistake turned a key in the door of my own.

I waited until they had disappeared, and then stole forth. After some cautious wanderings finding myself at an entrance of the cabin. There, regaling themselves with liquor and gloating over a snake-skin bag before them which held the diamonds paid for the cotas, they discussed glowingly a future of opulence.

I acted on a wild impulse, I hardly knew how quickly and well, until I had sprung between them, snatched up the precious treasure, was on deck, then ashore, then making for the business part of the town. I was pursued, but I ran like a deer. A sign showed me the official police office of the town. I dashed in breathlessly, told my story, saw the snake-skin deposited in a safe, several officers sent out to apprehend my recent captors, and—collapsed.

Three rewards came to me from my adventure. One was for Lyman Britt, badly wanted, a second from The Goldsmiths Company for saving them a large loss, the third—

A wife, Margaret, to whom I had been engaged for a year, and whom now I was able to present with the home we had no planned for.

### Poor Approach.

"If I ask you to marry me, I s'pose you'll say no."

"I will if you make your approach in that feeble way. That ain't salesmanship, George."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

By CECILLE LANGDON

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

It was not a very pretentious room that Norma Ellis occupied, but its rent was low and there was a sense of protection in having Mrs. Judy Porter for a landlady. Then, too, there was her twelve-year-old son, Jerry, always in mischief, but amenable to the pleasant ways of Norma, who believed there was lots of good in him.

For five years Norma had been an orphan. She had secured a position as a typist at a very moderate salary. Another employee had told her of Mrs. Porter, who rented out rooms to an entirely respectable class, and something motherly in the manner of the hard-working landlady had attracted Norma. The interest became quite mutual, and very often Mrs. Porter invited Norma to tea to talk over her manifold troubles, finding a sympathetic counselor.

The main complaint of the distressed mother was Jerry. "In hot water all the time!" He was a natural born fighter, and came home at least once a week with a bruised lip or a blackened eye. He annoyed many of the roomers whom he disliked with his elfish tricks, was sent home permanently from school, and this led Norma to taking up his education. He would study for her, and she devoted her evenings to giving him instruction.

"You look, tired, dear, and, excuse me, but sad, too," remarked Mrs. Porter, after noting a certain depression in her favorite roomer.

"Yes, there is a rush of work at the office just now," evasively explained Norma.

There had been at the office a young man named Roscoe Burt who had shown her some pleasing attentions, and she treasured the same. They had become very friendly and he had said:

"They are sending me on the road. Miss Ellis, and if I make good it will probably place me in a position where I may want to say to you what I would not until sure of a business future."

Just then some friends approached and he half-whispered to Norma: "If I write to you, you will not deem me presumptuous, and will reply?"

"Yes," she assented, and flushed and trembled, as was natural with a girl feeling that her first love was about to culminate.

A week went by, and there was no word from the young man. Norma genuinely sorrowed.

Norma took up her cross and tried to be cheerful and happy. Mrs. Porter was going away to visit a sister, and Norma was glad to keep melancholy thoughts at bay by occupying her spare evenings in helping to arrange her landlady's wardrobe.

"I have a friend who will take charge of the rooms while I am gone," she told Norma, "but Jerry I leave entirely in your care."

"I shall be glad," said Norma sincerely. "It will keep me from being lonely. He will behave himself splendidly while you are gone, won't you, Jerry?"

"I've got to if I keep my promise to you, Miss Ellis," declared the lad seriously. "I'm not going to miss being educated, when you tell me that within a year you will have me trained so I can run a typewriter and get a good job as a clerk," and he kept off the streets, studied his lessons conscientiously, and at the end of the first week Norma said:

"Now, Jerry, we've worked hard and will enjoy a little pleasure. There is a fine movie down at the Orpheum. There is my pocketbook. Please pay for the tickets. And we must have some soda after the entertainment."

"All right, and some of these fine days when I get working I'll pay you back by taking you to a swell opera."

They had a very enjoyable time, and Norma was quite proud of her well-behaved escort. He bade her good night as she reached her room.

"Oh, Jerry!" she called down the stairs after him as she opened her pocketbook, "the key to my room—it is gone."

"Then I must have lost it," Jerry chided himself. "Say, I'm awful sorry. Look here," and he returned to her side. "It's a catch lock, isn't it? All right, I'll just climb through the transom and unlatch it. Mrs. Willis has gone to bed, but I'll let you in here and bring a duplicate key first thing in the morning."

The transom had been always kept open for ventilation and Jerry was soon on the other side, released the lock, and departed. As Norma turned on the gas she noticed lying upon the carpet an envelope. It was slightly creased and soiled, brushed by the body of Jerry as he crowded through the space overhead. It was clearly discernible to Norma that it had been brought by the postman when she was away, who had sought to fling it through the transom, but it had caught on the ledge and had been dislodged by Jerry in his descent.

It was postmarked three weeks previous. She opened it, unfamiliar with the handwriting. Her color rose, her pulses fluttered as she read the signature: "Roscoe Burt."

In the body of the missive was the expressed hope of the writer that when he returned she would consent to become his wife.

Blessed Jerry! Rough-and-tumble Jerry! What sunlight and joy he had unconsciously brought into her lonely life!

## FOLLETT, TEXAS

Just a few items from the "busy town" this hot weather.

This scribe returned last week from a delightful visit with dear friends in Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska, three of the great states of the union. Crops looked fine all along the line, while the paved dustless streets and shady green lawns invited one to repose, but we missed our magnificent views, one could not see more than a black in either direction for the trees, in the towns of course. Anyway it was a trip all too short for yours truly and little old Follett, Texas, looked good to us on returning for it is Home Sweet Home.

Mr. Fred Miller and A. B. Griffith with their families are taking their vacation in Colorado and New Mexico via autos.

Mrs. Eva Clifford and daughter have as guests Mrs. Clifford's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cross from Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Mr. O. A. Crump and family lately returned from an outing in the mountains of Colorado.

John Crump bought a small house of Mr. Woods and moved it to his lots in the northwest part of town.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Hicks went to Hereford, Texas to bring their father, Mr. A. S. Hicks, home. Mr. Hicks has been at Hereford taking treatments from his nephew, a Dr. Hicks, for several months. Mr. Hicks stood the trip home remarkably well and thought still very weak hopes are now entertained for his complete recovery.

Follett will have mail over the railroad on and after August 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Will Reynolds were

called to Kansas recently by the sudden death of Mrs. Reynolds' mother, Mrs. McElaine, formerly of Logan, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Carls and two nieces, the Misses Callahan, are rusting in the Colorado mountains. Mr. Earle seeks relief from hay fever.

Misses Elsie Russell and Katie Riffe, members of the senior class in Follett schools last year, have secured schools and will enter the teaching fraternity the coming year. Roy and Lisle Nagle, other members of the class, will attend school at Canadian, while Miss Crystal Perkins, still another Follett girl, will go to Alva, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Haines returned this week from a visit to Cedar Falls and Red Oak, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hensen have come back to their home in Follett after a few weeks stay with their son, B. H. Hensen, at Enid, Okla.

Miss Marjory Markley is spending the week end with friends at Book.

### TWIN MOUND

July 31, 1920.

Fine weather but too dry to list for wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Cone and son, Mr. Boothe and two sons spent Sunday with Mrs. Nellie Phillips.

Charley Gunn has sold his farm of 320 acres to Mr. Castee, consideration \$10,000. He expects to leave soon to hunt a location.

Mrs. Millicum was quite badly hurt in a runaway last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cone and son of Eagleville, Mo., are visiting at the Boothe home and other friends.

Frances Gihl of Oklahoma City is

visiting her grandma and uncle, here. He likes his new home fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett McVicker's baby has been quite sick the past week.

Mr. Henry Martin, Shiners and Klepper spent last Saturday on the creek fishing and enjoyed a fine day with fried fish for dinner.

They are painting Twin Mound School house to a new coat of paint. A gentleman from Knowles is doing the work.

## MEATS

Butter, Lard, Pickles, Cheese

Vegetables, Fish and Oysters in Season

Everything Clean and Sanitary

City Market

W. G. STRANATHAN, Prop.

Phone 20

Sale Ends Saturday, August 14th

# QUIT BUSINESS SALE

**LISTEN EVERYBODY!** As we shall consolidate all our stores on one block in Woodward, Oklahoma, after August 15th, we have decided to offer our merchandise in Beaver at a discount of from 20 to 33 1-3 per cent on the entire stock for a few days only.

**A \$15,000 STOCK MUST BE MOVED BY AUGUST 15TH—JUST THINK OF IT!**

**TONS OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS SHOES, READY-TO-WEAR, LADIES WRAPS RAIN COATS, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, and a FINE LINE OF MILLINERY—ALL DUMPED ON THE MARKET AT FROM 20 TO 33 1-3 PER CENT DISCOUNT.**

**THIS IS THE TIME TO BUY—EVERYTHING GOES—NOTHING SHALL BE HERE AFTER THE 15TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1920. WE CAN MOVE THE CASH EASIER THAN WE CAN THE GOODS. FOR THAT REASON YOUR PRICE IS OURS. NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES AND COME IN AND SEE US.**

### MEN'S WORK SHIRTS

Men's Work Shirts, worth \$2.00 . . . \$1.39

Men's Dress Shirts . . . \$1.68

### SILK POPLIN DRESSES

This Season's Styles

\$18 and \$20 values . . . \$12.50

### LADIES SLIPPERS ALL STYLES

Ladies French Heel and One Strap

Ladies Gun Metal Oxfords, Black or

Tan . . . \$4.98

Fancy French Oxfords or Pumps \$12

and \$15 values . . . 9.85

Ladies White Kid Slippers, Latest Styles

Worth up to \$15 . . . \$6.98

### SHOES

Men's and Boys Mule Skin Work Shoes

Go at \$2.50 and . . . \$1.98

Men's Vici Dress Shoes, \$8.50 and \$9.00 . .

values . . . \$6.95

Men's Low Cut Shoes, none worth less

than \$8.50, go at . . . \$4.98

Boys' Work Shoes, one lot goes at . . \$2.48

Boys' Satin Fox Blucher \$4.50 value \$2.98

### ETXRA SPECIAL

Muslin Unbleached, 35c value per yd 20c

White Goods, 50c value . . . 29c

\$3.50 Overalls, . . . \$2.98

**WE HAVE SO MANY BARGAINS THAT WE CANNOT QUOTE THEM ALL. YOU KNOW WE ADVERTISE NOTHING BUT WHAT YOU CAN GET WHEN YOU COME AFTER IT. ALL OF OUR GOODS WERE BOUGHT BELOW THE PRESENT MARKET PRICES AND WE ARE SAFE IN SAYING THAT THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERYONE TO LAY IN THEIR SUPPLY FOR FALL AND WINTER.**

# PANHANDLE DEPT. STORE

E. WOLFE, Proprietor

A. M. VAN DEUSEN, Manager